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EDINBURGH COURANT, Nov. 20, 1879.—This little annual is designed mainly for the class indicated in its title. It contains in a handy form a large amount of information useful for a number of different trades, and has besides some useful jottings on machinery.

ENGLISH MECHANIC, Nov. 21.—This is a new annual specially addressed to artisans, though from the nature of the contents it will probably have a very extended sale amongst the general public, for it contains information of a practical kind upon many subjects of interest. There is the usual calendar and almanac matter, and quite a number of useful recipes, besides articles selected from various sources.

HALIFAX COURIER, Nov. 22.—It is a useful sixpennyworth for all descriptions of working men. In addition to the usual calendar and general information looked for in almanacs, there is a mass of well-arranged information suited to the mechanic and general workman, including facts, calculating tables, receipts, inventions (with many illustrations), &c., &c.

SALFORD CHRONICLE, Nov. 22.—We have just received a copy of the "Artizan's Year Book and Engineer and Building Trades' Almanac for the year 1880," which is equal, both in quality and variety of matter, to any of its competitors. Besides an excellent almanac it gives a fund of interesting and useful information to persons of the artisan and mechanical class, for whose use it is specially intended.

MANCHESTER CITY NEWS, Dec. 13.—Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son have begun the issue of a yearly manual and almanac, especially addressed to artisans, engineers, and workmen in the building trades. It is a repository or miscellany of facts of all kinds. There are articles on mahogany stains, preserving skins, building stones, the incrustation of boilers, the use of water power in towns, mathematical instruments, machinery for connecting woodwork, and a hundred other subjects.

BRISTOL MERCURY, Nov. 24.—Chiefly intended for mechanics in the engineers' and building trades, for whom it provides a fund of instructive matter.

COLLIERY GUARDIAN, Nov. 21.—It contains eighty pages of useful and interesting matter, introduced by an able article from the pen of Mr. Abel Heywood, junr., entitled "A Slight Sketch of English-printed Almanacs." The book contains a well-prepared and full calendar, the ministry, eclipses, law terms, stamps, and a vast variety of information both ordinary and extraordinary; indeed, we should think everything which an artisan, engineer, or builder can require. We have little doubt that the venture will be a decided success.

BRIGHTON EXAMINER, Nov. 25.—A valuable contribution to artisans generally, and especially to those who are indicated in the title. The calendar and general useful information usually found in almanacs are preceded by an interesting sketch of the history of English-printed almanacs, and followed by a mass of brief but lucid contributions on subjects relating to science and art in many departments, tables of purchase and sale of property, for building clubs, diameters and circumferences, change wheels for screw cutting, &c., construction of frames, lathes, drills, the application and use of water-power in towns, photography, lithography, &c., and valuable hints on a hundred other subjects, compressed within the compass of a handy sixpenny volume.

EASTERN MORNING NEWS, Dec. 5.—This almanac contains much information of special value to all concerned in the engineering and building trades, including many calculations, tables, and receipts.

ASHTON REPORTER, Nov. 29.—This is a valuable compendium of information, and may well be called a *multum in parvo*. We shall not attempt to enumerate the many different items of scientific and technical instruction relating to almost all kinds of professions and trades, many of which are illustrated by diagrams, but we may safely assert that all classes of workmen and amateurs would find it useful as a book for frequent reference, at a merely nominal cost.

WIGAN OBSERVER, Nov. 16.—It is full of information of special use to workmen in the various trades mentioned, and cannot fail to have a wide circulation, the almanac supplying a want often complained of.

EDINBURGH DAILY REVIEW, Nov. 26.—This almanac contains a large collection of useful and interesting information suitable for all classes of artisans in the engineering and building trades, besides hints which inventors may probably read. The subjects upon which the editor and others have written are too numerous even to mention. The diagrams by which many of the subjects treated are illustrated are clearly printed and easily understood by the references in the various articles.

THE BAZAAR, Dec. 1.—A publication that deserves wide circulation among mechanics and workmen generally. The quantity of sound information and useful hints it contains is surprising.

ILLUSTRATED CARPENTER AND BUILDER, Dec. 5.—An excellent year book for the mechanic. The information given is well digested, and many of the short pieces of information on points in mechanical manipulation convey hints of great value to the workman. The longer articles are also characterised by a clearness and simplicity which will commend them to all artisans. The value of engineering and mechanical tables is also great.

PUBLIC OPINION, Nov. 29.—The Artizans' Year Book and Almanac, 1880, is full of information of the most varied and practical kind, and much of the valuable matter it contains is such as is not to be found elsewhere.

OLDHAM CHRONICLE, Nov. 29.—Is likely to have an extensive sale, not only locally, but throughout the country. It is an excellent protest against centralisation, and affords substantial evidence of what Manchester can do in the production of a thoroughly useful almanac for those interested in the engineering and building trades. Among the numerous woodcuts in the work is an artistic sketch of the birthplace of Crompton. In addition to a large amount of technical information, the work contains much that is useful to the general reader with reference to building clubs, life insurance, &c.

WESTERN MAIL (Cardiff), Dec. 5.—This book contains the memoranda on every-day subjects usually given in almanacs, and, in addition, a collection of short articles on industrial subjects. There are descriptions of hydraulic machines, printing presses, lathes, &c.; directions for calculating the weight and strength of building materials; and hints which cannot fail to be of use to artisans on a variety of other matters. The "Year Book," indeed, is one that may be taken up with profit by any intelligent person.

BUILDING NEWS, Nov. 21.—A well-selected compendium of useful information, likely to be of daily service to everybody in any way connected with construction or machinery. The matter has been gathered from reliable sources, and the compilers should receive sufficient encouragement to repeat their efforts in 1881.

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VOL. V.—No. 214.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, 19 DECEMBER, 1879.

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I.

THE episode of English history which commenced with the accession of the House of Lancaster to regal power in the person of Henry Bolingbroke, and ended with the final victory of the Lancastrians at Bosworth Field, is essentially a series of civil wars and contentions in which the dual house of Lancaster played the principal part. A brief sketch of that episode therefore is introduced for the purpose of serving as a genealogical record.

Henry the Fourth, upon his accession, bestowed great favours and rewards upon his friends. To Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, he gave the Isle of Man, which he had achieved by conquest, and which was, therefore, one of the original possessions of the Duke of Lancaster. He sent honourable ambassadors to Rome, France, Spain, and Germany, amongst whom were Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, Sir John Cheney, Knt., John Cheney, Esq., William Heron, and Sir William Parr, Knt. Some of the nobles who had opposed the faction of Bolingbroke were disgraced. The Duke of Albermarle, son of the Duke of York; Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey and Earl of Kent; John Holland, Duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon; and Thomas de Spencer, Duke of Gloucester; were deprived of their dukedoms, greatly restrained in power, and allowed to have no badge or retainers. The king retained all their honors, castles, and manors, to enrich his followers and himself. He was, however, scarcely seated on his throne when he found sufficient employment in counteracting the efforts of a powerful body of enemies who wished to replace Richard the Second on his throne. Their plots, however, only served to hasten the unfortunate Richard's destruction. *Stow* tells us that that prince was starved to death, "having suffered hunger, thirst, and cold, for fifteen days and nights."

The Welsh revolt, under Owen Glendower, was the source of a vast deal of trouble to Henry. The battle of Halidowne Hill in 1492, in which the Scots were overthrown, was another cause for considerable anxiety, for the Earl of Northumberland and his son, Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, who were the victors in that brilliant achievement, were not satisfied with the honours that Henry had conferred upon them, and conspired with Owen Glendower and his son-in-law, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March (who, in right of his descent from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward the Third, elder brother of John of Gaunt, had a prior claim to the throne, and had been also named by Richard the Second as his heir), to depose Henry. They were joined by a powerful body of the discontented nobles, amongst whom were John Holland, Earl of Kent; Thomas Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, both of whom were half brothers to the late King Richard; and Lord le Spencer, who had married Constance, daughter of Edmund Langley, Duke of York. The malcontents raised numerous forces out of Cheshire and elsewhere, but were met by King Henry near Shrewsbury and completely discomfited. Hotspur was killed in the battle and many of the other leaders made prisoners. The Earl of Gloucester was beheaded at Bristol, the Earl of Kent at Windsor, and the Earl of Huntingdon at Cirencester. The Earl of Douglas, Sir John Shelly, Sir Richard Vernon, and the Baron of Kenderton, were also all beheaded. In this battle 200 knights and squires of Cheshire were left on the field. The ill success of this rebellion did not deter fresh efforts from being made in the same direction. The Earl Marshal, Thomas Mowbray, in conjunction with Richard le Scroop, Archbishop of York, raised a powerful army, but, without any battle taking place, both he and the Archbishop were delivered up by stratagem to the hands of the Earl of Westmorland, and beheaded at York, 1405. The Earl of Northumberland, being joined by Lord Bardolph, raised

another army in the north, but on the advance of the royal troops they fled into Scotland. In the year following they were met by Sir Thomas Rokeley, Sheriff of Yorkshire, and a sharp conflict ensued, in which the Earl of Northumberland was slain and Lord Bardolph mortally wounded. Their heads were cut off and carried ignominiously to London, A.D. 1408.

After being thus firmly established on the throne the House of Lancaster remained in peaceful possession through the remainder of the reign of Henry the Fourth, and the brilliant reign of Henry the Fifth, but the smothered flame again burst out with redoubled fury in the 28th year of Henry the Sixth. The House of York having been strengthened by its union with that of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, in the person of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, whilst that of Lancaster had also achieved considerable force by its junction with the family of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester and Buckingham. The first efforts of the Yorkists were directed against the king's most powerful friends and supporters, by subtlety, by perjury, fraud, and force. The Duke of Gloucester was poisoned, the Duke of Suffolk was next accused of the crime, and having succeeded in procuring his banishment, the Yorkists beheaded him at sea. The insurrection of Jack Cade, which was secretly instigated by the Duke of York, who was then in Ireland, was the means of disposing of Lord Say, whom the insurgents beheaded in Cheapside, and the High Sheriff of Kent suffered a similar fate at Mile End. After the suppression of this insurrection, the Duke of York made a further attempt to remove the Duke of Somerset, who was then the most powerful adherent and friend of the king, but the Lancastrians having become by this time sufficiently alive to the ultimate designs of their wily opponent, this attempt failed. The mask was then thrown off, and the Duke of York, with the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, Thomas Courtney Earl of Devonshire, Edmund Brook Lord Cobham, and others, regardless of their oaths of allegiance, assailed the king at St. Albans, May 23rd, 1455, when the Duke of Somerset, the Earls of Northumberland and Stafford, Lord Clifford, and five thousand of the Lancastrians were killed on the field. A Parliament was then called, and the Duke of York made himself protector of the realm, appointing the Earl of Salisbury Chancellor, and the Earl of Warwick Captain of Calais. Thus the first direct issue between the two rival houses resulted disastrously to the House of Lancaster.

(To be continued.)

AB-OTH-YATE'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

THIS book has made its customary appearance, and is, as usual, full of interest and amusement. A couple of sketches from the versatile author, who gives his name and title to the book, and a variety of other stories from the most popular contributors to *Ben Brierley's Journal*, with a quantity of extraneous matter of an interesting kind, make up a pleasant companion to the Christmas fireside. The price is only sixpence. The following is a specimen of its contents:—

THE TWO LADS: A LEGEND OF RIVINGTON PIKE.

[BY WILLIAM DARBYSHIRE.]

Passengers to and from Blackpool will have noticed the dreary hill overlooking Horwich and the neighbourhood. Rivington Pike has no great pretensions, either as to altitude or beauty, but is of importance in that neighbourhood, as being the fountain from whose thousand rills Liverpool and other towns in South Lancashire derive their chief supply of water.

Old residents in the district tell of a time when the Pike was covered with snow for a considerable part of the year. The passage of the Pike in winter was severe enough to tax the energies of the strongest. To

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES (Manufactured by Levenshulme) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

people desirous of taking the most direct route to the towns of East Lancashire, from the neighbourhood of Adlington, Horwich, and Blackrod (anciently a Roman station, called *Coccium*), the Pike rears its tall shoulders in a most forbidding fashion, and the residents of Belmont, Edgworth, Turton, and Over Darwen, who were compelled to cross this bleak and barren hill, spoke of the journey in winter as travellers do of the passage of the Alps.

On the top of the hill are two short rough stone columns, placed about a yard apart, and known as "The Two Lads." The explanation given of this title is the incident we are about to relate.

In the hard winter of 1829 two brothers, one about nine and the other about twelve years old, left the school at Turton in the afternoon, at about half past four, and wended their way towards their home on the Horwich side of the Pike. By the time they arrived at the summit of the hill, the clouds broke and a driving storm of snow and sleet enveloped the hill top, and entirely shut out from sight the pathway, and the glimmer of the lights in the village on the other side of the Pike.

The storm continued with unabated fury, and the hour at which the lads should have arrived at home was long past by. The mother, her heart bursting with agony as she looked at the snowy hill top from her cottage door, fervently prayed for the safety of her sons, whom she feared must have been caught in the snow.

Seven, eight, nine o'clock came, the wind howling dreadfully, and driving the snow in gusts before it. The storm appalled the stoutest hearts in the village. The cries and entreaties of the parents of the lads overcame the fears of the men, and a search party was decided upon. Provided with lanterns, stout sticks, leggings of haybands, and covered with hoods, cloaks, and whatever could be got to keep out the severity of the weather, they started off in pairs to scour the hill in search of the boys. The parties searched the sides of the Pike, the top, the roads leading in all directions. In some places the footprints of the poor lads were seen, but the drifting snow obliterated the traces so fitfully found. A few sheep were discovered buried, and liberated.

The hills and the valleys resounded with the mournful cries of the searchers, again and again sent up to arouse the lost lads, and perhaps cheer them in their prison-house of snow. Both sides of the Pike, the quarries, the valley near Turton, the Bolton Road, and the woods of Hill Top House were searched, but no boys could anywhere be found.

The dame in charge of Turton School knew that no boys were left in that place; but where they had got or were likely to have got, she could afford the searchers no further information. With heavy hearts they turned towards the Pike again, for across that dreadful place lay their own loved homes. The father of the boys, a stalwart son of Anak, whose very proportions seemed to defy the fury of the elements, leaned heavily upon the arm of his companion, and cried aloud in the agony of his soul, "Lord, save my lads! oh, save my lads! save my poor lads!" and the deep groans of anguish that escaped his lips melted the stoutest hearts in that mournful company. Arrived once more at the top of the hill, the father seemed rivetted to the spot. Again and again he called aloud, "Tom, Jack; Tom, Jack!" and the wind, which had then abated a little of its fury, allowed the hill sides to re-echo with a somewhat prolonged and gurgling sound, "Tom-m-m, Jack-k-k!" But the sounds were not those of the lads, as everybody knew but the distracted father; and at every echo he darted off in the direction of the sound, only to find every step was in vain.

With sunken hearts and wearied limbs the searchers arrived home about two o'clock in the morning, and found the pastor of the village and the women also, assembled in prayer for the safe return of the lost boys and their seeking friends. Horrible were the groans of the bereaved parents, as clasped in each other's embrace they feared that a cruel fate had robbed them, at one fell swoop, of the joy of their hearts.

After what seemed an interminable night, the search parties again sallied forth, with brandy flasks, etc., and dressed as before. Arrived a third time at the hill top, they were amazed to find that the snow had drifted to such an extent, all traces of boundary walls and other usual landmarks were entirely covered up. Dogs were called into requisition, but still no traces were discovered, until an accidental upturning of the snow betrayed a schoolbook belonging to one of the lads. Finding this trace, the searchers applied their energies to clearing the sides of the walls, and at length discovered the two poor boys sitting upright, holding each other's hands, and, apparently, in a peaceful sleep. They had, evidently, sat down to shelter from the snow, had become benumbed, and killed with the cold, whilst the drifting snow had covered them up in a funeral shroud of the purest white. The sorrow of the villagers was most intense.

The mother of the lads swayed to and fro, saying, "Poor Tom; Poor Jack." The father was utterly broken down. His handsome face was blanched with grief; the fire had gone out of his eye, he was a broken and dejected man. The poor old pastor buried the boys in the parish churchyard, and exhorted his hearers to bless God that in His Providence he had not left them without hope, for the parents and friends might go to the boys in due season, if they fainted not, though they could not call the lads back again. The villagers cried "Amen," and thus the bitter ordeal was turned to the purposes of a sermon on immortality, and the villagers entreated to shape their lives as though in the fear of death, for the great enemy often cometh as a thief in the night. But though the two lads rest in the valley below, their mute memorial stands on the bleak summit of Rivington Pike.

REVIEW.

THE DAGONET BALLADS.—E. J. Francis and Co., London.

These are a collection of some of those touchingly pathetic ballads which appear from time to time in the columns of our inimitable contemporary *The Referee*. To all readers of that, and indeed of many others of our periodical and newspaper issues, the name of *Dagonet* must be familiar. The sparkling effusions from the pen of this versatile writer have found admirers everywhere, but to his ballads especially is due that meed of praise which is the natural outcome of their literary worth. As a pathetic picture of life and its affections amongst the lower orders of the London streets the *Dagonet* ballads are unrivalled, they have that true ring in their reading which appeals at once to the better part of our nature. Such appeals are, alas, only too few and too far between. There is a depth of pathos in their composition which is strongly suggestive of Dickens's happiest mood, and none can read the first poem, "Told to the Missionary," or the beautiful story of "Sal Grogan's face," without feeling those peculiar sensations which are so often the indications of something more than interest. Here is a picture drawn by the hand of a master:—

"The light o' love spoke truly, the flames had spread and spread;
Who went up that burning staircase might reckon themselves as dead.
Ha! What is that?—a woman? By heaven, the fellow's wife!
She has leapt in the fiery furnace! Sal Grogan! back for your life!

"Too late—she has gone for ever—up to an awful death.
Men strain their eyes in terror, and the great crowd holds its breath.
'The roof is giving and melting!' As they shout the lead falls fast
In beads of the brightest silver, hot from the fiery blast.

"Back went the crowd in a moment—it saw that the end was near—
And then with a rush ran forward, raising a deafening cheer;
For down through the falling timbers, down through the smoke and
flame,

Bearing her heavy burden, the brave Sal Grogan came.
"And just as she reached the bottom, she staggered and moaned
and fell,

But they dragged her, scorched and senseless, out of that burning hell.
She had paid a price for her daring, for full in her face, poor lass!
The molten lead had fallen, and left it a scalded mass."

Such a picture as this needs no comment to recommend it, and we can assure our readers that it does not stand alone. The whole book teems with them—and the price is only sixpence! We thank our friend *Dagonet* for giving us an opportunity of reading it.

"PEACE WITH HONOUR?"

"Was it Voltaire who said there was nothing so inscrutable in all the ways of Providence as the miserable smallness of those creatures to whom the destiny of nations was committed?"—*Lever*.]

SURELY Lever must have had a foreknowledge of our forthcoming national disgraces when he penned this in 1866. He was a poet, and has proved himself a prophet, which was one and the same—*Vates*—with the ancients; as witness our Zulu slaughter and patch-work, our mull at Kabul, and, doubtless, by this, a second edition of the Cavour tragedy, with General Roberts playing his part. Witness our internal squabbles in Canada, bad trade and a host of other calamities in Turkey, Greece, &c., which no "Chemicals" can bleach out. Has Lord Lytton been shot at? It is reported only one man heard the reports of the shots. Is it another Tory dodge to call Lord Lytton home, not for incapacity and evil counsel, but to bring him back to an earldom and a pension!

COUPON DINNERS.

Four Courses, 1s. At the ALBERT RESTAURANT, ALBERT BRIDGE. Dinners à la Carte throughout the day. Soup, 4d.; Entrées or Joints, 6d. and 10d.; Chop or Steak, 10d.; Tea, 5d. J. CAVARGNA, General Caterer.

SMOKING.

HERE is no need to apologise for offering a few remarks on the above subject. Few subjects are so frequently, and so hotly, debated in the correspondence columns of our dailies; and, to judge by the contributions therein appearing anent this exciting topic, there are few questions which touch so sharply the nerves of social sensibility, as the unauthorised, or presumably unauthorised, exercise of the habit itself.

Let me say at the outset that, of the medical questions involved, I know little or nothing; and with them I shall not therefore meddle, further than by saying, that it scarcely seems possible to lay down a general rule of any value with respect to a practice which, even when excessively exercised, permits (I cannot say assists, though it may be true) some people to attain patriarchal ages, and yet persistently and invariably brings upon others, of apparently equal health and vigour, all the misery of a most nauseating and exhausting sickness. Neither can I say much of the powers of tobacco as a sedative. My own experience, taken by itself, would certainly lead me to doubt its efficacy in that direction. Certainly my nerves are as calm and steady now (and it is nearly six months since I inhaled a whiff of smoke) as ever they were when I was fresh from the suction of the gentle weed. Nor, lastly, can I deal with the question of its value as a disinfectant, further than by saying that, if it be as I have seen alleged, a depressant of the nervous system, it can scarcely be a disinfectant also: for a depressed nervous state is, of all others, the most favourable to the admission of disease.

What I want to deal with is the question of how far the mutual complaints and recriminations of smokers and non-smokers are justified. They are certainly loud enough, frequent enough, and bitter enough, to justify our first remark, that there are faults on both sides.

The smokers are to blame, in one word, because of their habitual forgetfulness of the rights and comforts of others. It is no use trying to minimise or circumscribe the fault. It is chargeable against them as a class. It is impossible to travel or do the ordinary business of life without seeing that this is so. It is one of those things which needs no demonstration. If any "intelligent foreigner," or one of those supposititious "inhabitants of other planets," of whom we occasionally hear, doubts it let him travel by rail or 'bus, enter a waiting-room, pay a visit to his hair-dresser's, walk into a surgery, or a chemist's, or a bookseller's shop, and if he does not in all, or most, of these scenes of inquiry find the ubiquitous smoker hard at work, his experience is very different to mine, and that of every man I know. Now, in all these cases—which I have enumerated from my own experience—and all other such, smoking is absolutely unjustifiable. In every case where smoking is carried on in a confined space without inquiry, the chances are ten to one that it is not only unpleasant but most offensive, possibly nauseating, to someone in the company; who nevertheless will rather suffer than protest either from shyness, unwillingness to admit a weakness, or from fear lest his protest should be met by a point blank refusal to desist, or by a compliance more insulting than a refusal; both which results too frequently occur.

Here let me distinguish. I do not say that smokers, as a class, are uncivil. As a class they are, certainly, too much inclined to exercise that sort of liberty which consists in every man "jist doin' what he darn pleases;" but although it is, too often, the case, that remonstrance ends in the addition of insult to injury, yet, generally speaking, if a man has courage to represent his objection courteously, it is quietly agreed to.

As to smoking outside an omnibus, it is of course open to the same reproach of being carried on without reference to other people's comfort. I know something of this practically, having had to gulp down, as best I could, the bitter fumes of a bad cigar for three quarters of an hour together, more than once. This sort of smoking entails, moreover, another inconvenience, which I will not dwell upon further than by saying, that, having once made use of the brass handrail in dismounting from a Brooks' Bar 'bus, I could not endure to use that hand at dinner, till I had scrubbed it almost to the verge of disintegration.

Let smokers remember, also, that, whatever we may think of smoke fresh from the glowing bowl of the pipe, or the gleaming tip of the cigar, we are all agreed that stale smoke is not exactly a delicacy; and, that when people smoke in unauthorised places, even though the company present at the time raise no objection, or if there be no company present to object, they leave behind them a legacy to those who shall follow them in the use of the place they smoke in, and to whom the relics of their enjoyment will certainly be distasteful. On this point also I can speak from experience; having frequently been disgusted by the stagnant fumes,

left by some antecedent smoker, in waiting rooms, and railway carriages, which I have been obliged to enter.

Smoking is not like snuff-taking, or opium-eating, or drinking. It is not a habit which can, in its own nature, be confined to one's own sensations, when carried on in public. When so carried on, it affects others, and affects many most injuriously. Its public exercise should therefore be, and by some few smokers is, restricted, so as to make the pleasure of the one innocuous to all. And surely, the amount of self-denial requisite to accomplish this, is insignificantly small. It cannot be so terrible a deprivation to smoke only in the open air, in one's own or friend's house, at one's club, or in a smoking carriage. Any man who finds such ample latitude too narrow, must surely be such a slave to smoke that his wishes are no more respectable than those of the most fanatical zealot who ever penned a counterblast, or envenomed the point of an objection.

It is between these two classes, however, that the controversy principally lies. The average smoker is thoughtless, but not brutally selfish, or coarsely insolent, unless provoked by a tone of objection in which there is more asperity than courtesy. The average objector, I fear, is too much given to "standing on his rights," and standing on his brother smoker's sensibilities at the same time. It is certain, though not so generally the case as smokers conveniently suppose, that the number of those who actually suffer by smoke is small. It is equally certain, that the number of those who nevertheless object to smoking, and are irritated by it, when carried on in places not set apart for it, is large. And it needs no Oedipus to guess the reasons of their irritation and objection. It is the smoker's apparent, though not real, indifference to their wishes, that constitutes the head and front of his offending. You my non-smoking friend think that he is reckless of your comfort, do you? You see him abstractedly puffing, and never once so much as turning his head to you, and you spring to the conclusion that, if he does not actually intend an outrage, he is careless whether he commits one or not. Well, his behaviour is against him, certainly, but stay! Charity, you know, believeth all things and so, it is true do malice and jealousy, but exercise this time a charitable credulity, and give the smoker the benefit of the doubt. Do to him as you wish him to do to you. Study his feelings, and tell him gently that he is causing your discomfort, and ask him to desist. Don't use the imperative mood. It is true he is doing what he has no right to do, but that we all occasionally do. In all human probability he is altogether such an one as yourself, an ordinary Englishman, shy of speaking to a stranger, awkward at asking a favour, quick to listen to a reasonable complaint, impatient of command, and doggedly obstinate, if indiscreetly opposed. You will almost assuredly find him open to reason, and accessible to courtesy. If you do not, I both permit and enjoin you to alter your tactics, and not only to compel him to desist, but if possible to punish him for his lawless and wrongheaded persistence.

There is one question, that of smoking carriages, on which I should like to touch before I close. Smokers are fully justified in objecting to the invasion of these carriages by non-smokers. My own observation inclines me to believe, that their complaint on this score is exaggerated; but ground for it does, undoubtedly, exist. Such intrusion should be firmly resisted, whenever attempted; and, if no other argument will avail, the help of the officials should be invoked. A little blending of courtesy and firmness, would quickly alter every aspect of the scene. There can, also, be little doubt, that the smoking accommodation furnished on certain lines, to certain trains, is insufficient. But to suggest, as I have more than once seen suggested, that special compartments should be set apart for non-smokers only, and all the rest of the train be given up to the votaries of the weed, is simply monstrous. The objectors are not in quite so insignificant a minority as that comes to. Females and young people do still constitute a noteworthy part of the population, and moreover, there is every reason to believe, that of the adult males, the habitual smokers are a minority—a large minority it is true, but a minority still—and, of that minority, a considerable section are by no means prepared to resign themselves to a perpetual and universal endurance of what ought to be only an occasional enjoyment. Still less are they prepared to abolish the luxury of travelling, by advocating the conversion of cleanly, elegant, and comfortable carriages, into such reeking and frowy dens, as smoking compartments usually are.

The controversy is easily summed up. Do as you would be done by, and speak as you would be spoken to. Be master of your pleasures, and master of your tongue, and then whether you revere the memory of Sir Walter, or of King James, life will be the pleasanter, for your spirit will be tranquil, and, on this subject at least, your conscience will be clear.

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TOWN HALL CARILLONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

At 3, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock.

Friday,	Dec. 19.	Rosseau's Dream.
Saturday,	" 20.	Bonnie Dundee.
Sunday,	" 21.	Christians Awake.
Monday,	" 22.	The Heavens are Telling.
Tuesday,	" 23.	Here's a Health to All Good Lasses.
Wednesday,	" 24.	Old Hundredth Psalm.
Thursday,	" 25.	See the Conquering Hero Comes.

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—Pantomime—*Dick Whittington and His Cat*.
 Prince's Theatre.—Pantomime—*The Forty Thieves*.
 Queen's Theatre.—Friday and Saturday—*The Two Orphans*.
 " Wednesday—Pantomime—*Old Mother Goose*.
 The Folly Theatre of Varieties.—Extra Attractions.
 The Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment. Extra Attractions.
 Town Hall.—Tuesday, at 3 and 7-30—Mr. W. T. Best's Organ Recitals.
 Free Trade Hall.—To-Night—Mr. Charles Halle's Concert. "Messiah."
 Saturday—Mr. De Jong's Concert. "Messiah."
 Royal Institution.—Exhibition of Paintings.
 " Sunday Afternoon.—Free Exhibition.
 Exchange Street Galleries.—Water-Colour Drawings.
 Whitte's, Bridge Street.—German Fair.
 Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THERE is a singular mystery about the attempt which is being made to create a public interest in Lord Lytton. The attempt to kill him is certainly a strange one, and when we come to read that the shots fired were utterly unnoticed by all but Colonel Colley, and even he would not have known of them but from hearing the shouts, we actually shudder at the extreme danger our valued Viceroy must have been in, and the narrow escape the Empress of India has had of losing her able representative. Assassination indeed—he may have well earned the first two syllables of the word, but that will scarcely justify the remainder.

Appropos of the above, there has been a drunken tailor consigned to two months' hard labour for attempting to stab a policeman. It appears this summary process of getting rid of obnoxious persons in authority is fashionable in both Europe and Asia—*vide* also the Moscow "blow up." The following may be found an interesting study:—

Let a be the attempt upon the Czar,
 b that upon the viceroy,
 and c that upon the Liverpool policeman;
 then x is the punishment consequent upon each."

The value of $c + x$ is two months' hard labour, the relative values of $a + x$ and $b + x$ are at present very interesting items.

It is singular what subjects of national importance have to be investigated

and decided by appeals to the learned judges. Sheriff Birnie, of Glasgow, has given an important decision—housemaids must wear shoes and not boots. We know a great number of pretty housemaids with whom it would be boot-less to argue the point if they choose to rebel.

GUSTAVE DORE is engaged in the illustration of Shakspeare. He has made a tour of Scotland for the purpose of illustrating "Macbeth." We can almost fancy Shakspeare had this great artist in view when he wrote—

"Were but his picture left among you here,
 It would amaze the proudest of you all."

WE admire the judge of the Walsall County Court, who, on a case being called on, for which plaintiff, defendant, and several witnesses had been waiting all day, whilst the amount in dispute was only eightpence, coolly put his hand in his own pocket, took out the required amount, and handing it to the plaintiff, settled the case. If his honour settles all the small debts in Walsall on the same principle, his stipend will soon require increasing.

MR. THOMAS WILBRAHAM, of Caergwrie, in Flintshire, having proceeded to summarily eject Mr. Daniel Williams from a pew in Hope Church, has been mulcted in £1. 9s., which he very promptly refused to pay, and was just as promptly removed in custody. Mr. Wilbraham is troubled in his notions about vested rights in the said pew, and has evidently mis-read the passage—"It is I, be not afraid." He fancies it reads, "Hit his eye, be not afraid!"

THE *Globe* has discovered that it is impossible for Mr. Gladstone to hold a subordinate position in the ranks of the Liberal party. This singular discovery is rendered all the more curious by the fact that the majority of the Liberal press has been saying the same thing a long while. However, even a Tory's eyes may be opened at last.

AFGHAN WAR! Great battle! Ten thousand Afghans! Heights of Cabul occupied by the enemy! British losses—two English guns spiked! Is this a telegram that has been lost on the way for six months, or is it really news? We thought that the war was quietly settled, Cabul nicely potted, and nothing to do but the hanging, with General Roberts as Provost Marshal. We think that after the fatherly manner in which the Afghans have been dealt with by our home and Indian Governments, they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

THE series of winter entertainments which have been inaugurated at the Manchester Mechanics' Institution will be found a great boon to the public. On Saturday last Mr. George Evans, F.R.S.L., read Mr. Charles Dickens's "Christmas Carol" to a delighted audience. On the subject of the reading we need not speak; we can only say that ample justice was done to it by the reader, and the audience expressed their approbation of his efforts in a marked and effective manner.

WE have received a very touching appeal from "A Little Robin" asking us to use our influence with our readers to supply crumbs to himself and his kindred during the inclement weather. It will be little trouble, and the blithe "cheep! cheep!" of redbreast ought to be ample reward.

So they are cutting a tunnel under the Mersey. Mercy on us, what next?

THERE was an Orange dinner at Crawshawbooth, the other night. Mr. Touchstone, D.G.M. (Did Go Mad.—P.D.) addressed the meeting at considerable length. We pity the meeting.

THE Conservative party are going in for a second edition of Pomona at Leeds. Well, let them demonstrate at will. At the next election that county will give them a taste of Yorkshire relish and do them good all.

OUR P. D. suggests that Mr. Gladstone has taken all the starch out of them, and that they are not now worth a spoon full of consideration. On receiving a gentle box on the ear, he explains that he only means a puffing joke on the matters of a certain starch and a well-known sauce. The young man is entirely out of register, and in very bad forme. But as he is rehearsing for a demon in Farnie's new pantomime at the Princes, we must needs excuse him. In more respects than one Mr. Farnie set a questionable example to the rising generation.

Our special has written to say that, as a memento of the agricultural show, he has forwarded us a heating apparatus. He says it will be a preventative from our usual attack of Christmas indigestion, consequent upon too much indulgence in juggled hare; as the apparatus will 'eat our air' for us, and we can die-jest then. We have struck his name from the list of our Christmas guests for his indigestible joke.

THE past annals of the British Empire are all a matter of *Hiss Tory*!

THE Queen invariably invests the dirty little German princes with the Order of the Bath. Her reason is obvious.—*Town Crier*.

WHAT about the announcement last week in the *Yorkshire Gazette* anent the Queen's cold—"The Queen is suffering from a child?" We should 'nt like to be the "comp" who set that up. In taking up that letter *d*, he mistook the *l* he meant of his copy.

WHO are the real friends of Russia? There is something suggestive of this question in the simultaneous attempts to remove Lord Lytton and the Czar.

WHEN the Bradford Corporation went to the expense of buying and setting apart a special ground for fairs, &c., and then charged half-a-crown per foot for a three days' rental, thereby driving all the fair away, they made an attempt to take a *Yorkshire Bite* which did not come off. The biter was fair-ly bit. Bradford fair on the 10th was a non-entity.

MR. O'HANLON AND THE GUARDIANS.

WITH the fall of snow we have the usual squabble about out-door relief. Though the proceedings of the Board of Guardians are all supposed to be public, and their powers and duties closely defined by law, these unfortunate gentlemen are—upon their own showing—for ever misunderstood and misrepresented by those inexperienced people who take upon themselves the task of amateur relieving officers. We say inexperienced, because it would appear, from the testimony of the guardians every winter, that none but those gentlemen who are deficient in the moral power to see starvation with a stoical eye ever trouble themselves to learn how our paupers fare. Still, given the point that John Bull, after enjoying a good repast himself, does ejaculate a fervent wish that God would send an equally good meal to every poor family within the sound of the parish church bells, John's piety and charity are too frequently quite used up by the effort which his reflection has imposed upon his well filled paunch. But then, John defends himself in his fortress of hard-heartedness by the observation, "that one cannot keep everybody," and so he regards that fact as a powerful reason for doing nothing. Doubtless another powerful reason to back up John's decision is found in the fact stated upon the authority of the board itself, that a poor man, his wife, and family of eight children are entitled to thirteen shillings per week whilst remaining on the out-door scale of relief. But the guardians last week rebuked Mr. O'Hanlon for writing a letter to the newspapers and incautiously taking the actual sum given for the actual sum which might be given to families of ten persons. Though why the guardians should have made such haste to proclaim the exact legal amount of relief in such cases, unless they intended to follow up the statement by the exhibition of extra parochial virtue, in the shape of showing that they had done what they could, is not very clear. Still we have no right to expect a greater amount of philosophic virtue in a guardian of the poor than is found in any average grocer or charcoal burner, and, therefore, should not expect to find these gentlemen neglecting to push an advantage to its utmost extremity, because cynical wisdom would advise them to stay their hand. But Mr. O'Hanlon stands little in need of the adventitious protection derivable from wise saws, for he has the sterner and more forcible points of actual experience in his favour, and thus he may retort upon the critics who convict him of inaccuracy because he said an actual ten shillings, instead of saying a possible thirteen shillings. However, there is no denying that Mr. O'Hanlon was wrong, and, indeed, it is worth being wrong in this discussion to be able to bring about the rare union of law and common-sense and humanity as in the persons of Messrs. Berrisford and Chorlton. The point in dispute, nevertheless, is scarcely worth the candle, unless these gentlemen can prove that "administration" never performs the three card trick, and changes the legal thirteen shillings into an actual ten shillings so regularly that no man alive has, at any time, received the

full legal dole. This is, again, another point in favour of Mr. O'Hanlon. If this thirteen shillings is a regular allowance made to families of ten persons, it is singular that the knowledge of that fact should be so little known, and when known, that it should be so little able to excite the admiration which simple minds are always ready to pay to the dispensers of the bounty of the wealthy, and thus we are thrown back upon the first cause of all this discussion, and we are compelled to ask by what fell chicanery the legal thirteen shillings becomes ten. Mr. O'Hanlon may, at least, lay the solace to his mind that though those Guardians have had their little flutter, still he is practically correct. The case is exactly that of the pot-sellers, "It is thirteen as ten, sir; twenty-six as twenty." Pass on.

"THE 'ROBIN' DINNERS."

"All worldly joys go lease
To the one joy of doing kindness."—*Herbert*.

A CHRISTMAS movement inaugurated in London three years ago, under the significant name of "The 'Robin' Dinners," promises to become a settled metropolitan institution.

The movement owes its origin to a Christmas Carol written by the Editor of *Hand and Heart*, and published in that journal. The first year, three or four hundred "Robin" guests were entertained; the next year, the number reached to 3,000; and last year about 10,000 guests were included.

We have received an illustrated volume, published for the benefit of the Fund, entitled "'Robin's' Carol, and What Came of It," which gives the full history of what has been already done. The compiler says, "'Robin's' Carol, and What Came of It," is becoming quite a romantic story. Truth is stranger than fiction; and the 'Robin Dinners' have opened out some pages of London life which we would not forget for all the romances in the world."

With the view of perpetuating and multiplying these pages of London life by similar records in future years, contributions are again invited; and although London is said to contain nearly 500,000 children, who would rejoice to be "made happy for an evening," and the cost to welcome them, at sixpence each for the dinner and evening's entertainment, would require no less than £12,500, the compiler says:—"We are bold enough to entertain the hope that in due time—the earlier the better—every poor child in London will know by happy experience what a 'Robin Dinner' is."

But we notice the "Robin Dinner" movement mainly because we think, with the editor of *Hand and Heart*, that it might well be extended throughout the country. The editor says:—"We are very glad to find that 'Robin' is becoming popular in the provinces, as well as in London. The leading newspapers last year cordially recognised 'the happy thought,' which originated in his gentle breast. The *Sheffield Post* went so far as to say: 'We trust to see these "Bird Dinners" become a national institution.'"

We are glad, therefore, to see that in order to promote "'Robin' Dinners" out of London, a plan has been devised which we hope some Lady Bountiful in our own neighbourhood will utilise. A collecting form, which accompanies the volume, states that:—"An engraving, illustrative of the 'Robin Dinners,' printed on special plate paper, and well worthy of a frame, will be sent, at a cost of eight shillings per 100, to any friends who may wish to establish a 'Dinner' in their own localities. Assuming that each copy realised a contribution of one shilling, 100 copies will thus secure £4. 12s. towards the expenses. All letters relative to Robin's Work should be addressed to 'Robin,' 7, The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E."

We must refer our readers to the volume itself for further details. But to guard against a possible mistake, we may add that "Robin Dinners" are not intended to assume the form of Relief Dinners. The editor of *Hand and Heart* puts this point so clearly that we cannot do better than quote his words—"Relief Dinners are no doubt admirable for starving children, but a 'Robin Dinner' is an invitation dinner, and the invitation is not addressed merely to starving children. It is the token of a wish that others poorer than themselves should 'rejoice with those who do rejoice' in the plenty God has given them; and the little strangers are for once, at least, welcomed as Christmas guests."

We commend this Christmas work to our readers, and hope some large Christmas hearts will secure a successful "Robin Dinner" in our own locality.

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

is the best. Recommended by Dr. Hassall, M.D.; also Mrs. Lewis. Analyzed by Otto Hehner, F.C.S., and sold in Tins at 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. by all respectable Grocers. Makers—BROOK & CO., 76, Banover-st., Manchester.

SKETCHES BY JINGO.

XXII.—LOST IN THE FOG; OR, BILLY'S MISTAKE.

BILLY BINGLE resided in our thriving little village, and I may safely say that there was not one amongst us who could match the exquisite cut of the general outfit of our hero, who, I fancy, prided himself upon being the male leader of fashion in the circle of which he considered himself the idol. That Billy had his "girl," may be taken as a matter of course, for he appeared rather fond of paying periodical visits to a certain little cottage where resided a pretty young lady who was suspected of being not averse to the assiduous attentions of our hero. Near where Miss Jemima Dingle lived, was the canal upon which the sluggish boats dragged their slow length along to Manchester, and it was by this canal that Billy had to pass on his way to the house of the sweet Jemima. 'Twas on a Friday night that our hero donned his second-best suit of broadcloth, and, with a smile of peace and goodwill towards all mankind upon his mobile countenance, prepared to sally forth upon his errand of love. But, alas! the night was so densely foggy that you could scarcely see a single step you took, and, to make matters worse, the lamps, as is generally the case, in most instances, being unlit. The night was of an inky darkness, but love, we know, laughs at night contrary to its enjoyment, so we may be sure a dark night, with a probability of having an unexpected duck in the canal, possessed no terrors for the dauntless spirit of Billy Bingle. Grasping his walking-stick firmly, Billy prepared to sally forth, and although he soon came to grief against a stubborn lamp-post, still, knowing that "faint heart ne'er won fair lady," he strode bravely on, having a vague idea that all would come right in the end. He had got well on his way, and was beginning to think he had safely passed all danger, when he suddenly stumbled over a large boulder stone which, sad to say, precipitated him down the canal bank into the water! Good Heavens, how he yelled! This brought out a large Newfoundland dog from an adjoining house, which, evidently taking our hero for a huge water-rat, swam gallantly after Billy, who, fortunately for himself, had, some time before, learned the noble art of swimming. Billy was just congratulating himself upon being able to reach the opposite bank, when the dog, no doubt with the noble intention of bringing Billy to the spot from whence he had originally started, made an unexpected snap at the lower part of our hero's unmentionables, and actually dragged him back into the water again, and soon the novel sight of a man striking out for dear life, whilst a brave dog pulled strenuously the other way, was presented to view. The dog began to bark, and, to Billy's great relief, a number of people, attracted by the confusion going on in the water, began to assemble upon the bank of the treacherous canal.

The end of it was that Billy had to succumb to the vigorous efforts of the dog, and, ere long, the half-drowned young man stood shaking himself amidst the sympathising multitude. Despite the persuasions of some of the people, who felt sorry for the miserable plight of our hero, he determined to return home, knowing that he could soon obtain a change of apparel there. But here, again, his evil genius led him astray, for, happening to make a wrong turn, he did not know whether he ought to advance or recede. He walked on a few yards, blindly trusting to chance to set him right, and was just on the point of deeming himself on the right track, when he came plump against a dead wall, which blocked all further progress, thus leaving Billy in the same predicament of the three men who "First went up the hill and then came down again!" Sad-eyed and weary, poor Billy retraced his wandering footsteps he knew not, and scarcely cared whither, with the uncomfortable conviction upon him that he would be obliged to spend the night in the open air. On, on, on he went, until he felt sure he must be miles and miles away from his home, and yet, strange to say, he could hear the lap, lap, of the water, which seemed to be at no great distance from him. To his great joy, Billy now found himself opposite to a row of houses, but so thick was the fog, that he could not make out by what name the houses were known. With a courage akin to desperation, he dashed up to the front door and knocked a low, timid knock—such a knock as was sure to cause uneasiness to the inmates within. Slowly the door was opened, and a rather surly voice demanded to know his business. A cry of joy escaped from the trembling lips of Billy, for in the gentleman before him he recognised the father of his dear, adorable darling—the lovely and accomplished Jemima.

It was not long before Billy was sitting before a roaring fire in a suit of the old gentleman's cast-off clothes, and relating to an interested audience

the account of his recent narrow escape from what he was pleased to designate "a watery grave." Now Billy knew not until after that his anxious parents were even then on the look out for him, fearing—and quite naturally, too—that their firstborn child had come to grief in some as yet unexplained manner. Had he told them where he was going, all might have been well, but when, with proverbial deceitfulness of sly lovers, he merely said "he was a-going out for a walk," can we wonder that they should begin to imagine that his "little walk" had ended either at the bottom of the river, or, worse still, the canal? Mrs. Bingle went at once to the police station, whilst her no less miserable husband rushed frantically from place to place in the vain hope of hearing some tidings of the lost one. They passed a sleepless night, but their grief was turned to proportionate joy when, in the early morning, young Bingle made his appearance, looking none the worse for the adventure of the night before. [The author of these sketches purposes republishing them in a cheap form if sufficient subscribers can be obtained. Names will be taken at this office for copies of the same.]

SPECIAL REGULATIONS

FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THOSE WHO INTEND SENDING US "SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS" FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Geese must be all ready killed and plucked. We object to live ones, we have too many such visitors, and they have a tendency to pluck us before we are killed. N.B.—Irish Geese will be distributed to the police, until they grow Biggar.

Turkeys must be bound in half-Russia, and labelled "Fed under British regime," or they will not be taken in by our Baker.

Game will not be indulged in, unless under exceptional circumstances; all contributions of this kind, therefore, must be accompanied by a carte of the sender.

A. Paté will be well received, as we intend making a musical night of it. Cigars we are willing to Cope with.

Champagne.—Wine not? We can be mum about it.

Old Port. We can find a New Port Hole for it.

Hock can be hockidentally left at our office; we will gladly be responsible for the empty bottles.

Coin (Gold and Silver only) should be left in charge of our P. D., who is a very active treasurer in that department, and takes very coinidly to it—at least, he says so.

Now ye who

"Wear your hearts upon your sleeves

For daws to peck at,"

down with your dust; but remember that all these contributions must arrive on or before the 24th instant, or they will be—we had almost written rejected, but a nod is as good as a wink, so keep to time, if the matter is only

"Just as much as you may take upon a knife's point
To choke a daw withal."

PICKINGS.

[FROM "GOG AND MAGOG."]

OUR special distorter says our 'Ed-litter is not so generous as his grandmother's old silk dress, "for," says he to the boss, "that would stand a loan, and I'm blown if you will."

Is there any connection between Major Beau-man, of glorious Zulu memory, and Major Camp-belle, the illuminator of the Honourable Court of Common Council? In replies to this, if you love us, kindly omit to mention anything about Beau-Belles.

LITTLE boys should be careful what they smoke. Brown paper is safer than cane, for Cain killed Abel.

[FROM THE "TOWN CRIER."]

A POOR TOOL.—We are sorry to see that a carpenter named Adams has been imprisoned for stealing money. He ought to have had enough of chiselling in his work.

WHY is a bottle of writing fluid like the Coroner's Court? Because of the "ink which is" in it.

Clubs are now started every day,

For Liberals, Tories, Catholics;

In fact it seems as though me may

Make Clubs now out of any sticks.

The Government policy is not a charitable one. Charity begins at home. Is Sir Wilfred Lawson ever present anywhere in the spirit?

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

HOPGOOD & CO.'S N. & S. Hair Cream, success, may be had of all Chemists & Perfumers, at 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, & 11/- H. & CO.'S Sedative Cold Cream. 6d. 1/- & 2/6.

CABINET PORTRAITS.

HERE once was a mystery man,
Who delighted the world with surprise;
He was always concocting a plan,
That went off with a flash in the pan;
He'd talk of campaigns—roll his eyes
In a truculent way,
But 'twas only his play,
Just meant to make "chemicals" rise!

There was a political bandit,
Who sighed for the days of Queen Bess;
When he found that a nation who'd stand it,
Had got a stray island he'd land it,
And tell crams when he got in a mess—
Yes, that is the way,
He would haughtily say,
They did in the time of Queen Bess!

There once was a Chancellor bold,
Who thought in finance he was strong,
He squandered away all his gold,
His budgets weren't worth an old song,
And his estimate always proved wrong.
Yet still he would say,
In an affable way,
"In finance I'm decidedly strong!"

A Statesman who governed the East,
And his brand new nobility prized,
Said his party resembled a beast,
That lay calmly digesting its feast,
And the buzzing of insects despised;
But curious to say,
Its voice was a bray,
That sham bellowing scarcely disguised.

There was a poetical peer,
Who employed nearly all his spare hours,
In saving his country from fear,
By wreathing with various flowers,
A blade of redoubtable powers;
Oh! yes, he would say,
In his high polite way,
While we hold the sword Europe cowers.

A party there was, name of Smith,
Or some such distinguished cognomen,
Who found that it took all his pith
To keep his ships ready to stow men,
To fight all our numerous foemen,
To himself he would say,
In his common-sense way,
This Imperial bunkum's no go, men?

One who into the Cabinet came,
And among the great gods humbly sat,
The shadowlet of a great name;
And he kept an unfortunate cat,
That was dreadfully harried by Pat,
Who, thereafter would say
In a jubilant way,
"Faith, we pretty near massacred that!"

There once was a Lancashire squire,
In wisdom was second to none
Who roused all the justices' ire,
And made rules that all convicts require
To slumber hard plank beds upon;
And his enemies say
In their envious way,
That his head and his bed are as one!

The last of this wonderful batch is
By a prancing pro-consul much flurried,
Who lectures him well in dispatches,
His power away from him snatches,
And recklessly into war hurried,
And for all he might say,
In a mild mannered way,
He had to submit to be curried.

"NEMO MORTALIUM OMNIBUS HORIS SAPIT," and it would appear as if the immortal *Punch* is not an exception to the truth of this *Plinian* proverb—"that no mortal is wise at all hours;" or else how does he account for the twist in "Spring's" legs in his Almanack for 1880? unless it be a trick of trade of *Mr. Punch's* to catch the sharps; however, I should like it explained.

WHAITE'S GERMAN FAIR.

WHAITE'S annual German Fair has become such an institution in Manchester that its omission would almost be considered a misfortune. It is as necessary to the youthful idea of Christmas, in this city, as the pantomime, and is looked upon by both old and young as one of those sights which are bound to appear with the season, and without which the season would not be complete. The Fair, which opened yesterday, is one of unusual beauty, and may be truly called a Christmas Palace of Toys. But it is not only as an emporium of amusing toys for the young that this exhibition is pre-eminent; it forms a scientific study for the more staid and experienced adult, of no small magnitude. We do not think we shall exaggerate when we say that not only human beings, in all grades and occupations, not only the feathered songsters with their dulcet warblings, all kinds of quadrupeds, fishes, reptiles, &c., are imitated, with life-like exactitude, by the automata here so profusely shown, but the mechanical arts are so beautifully and minutely brought into action in so many ways that the spectator is wonderfully bewildered at the infinite variety. Philosophy in sport is the purpose of the German Fair, and how that purpose is carried out a visit will show. The monstrous silver Christmas tree, twenty-five feet in height, under which are beautiful model representations of incidents of the Zulu war, must be seen to be appreciated; description here would fall far short of the gorgeous reality. The war tableaux, consisting of hundreds of exquisitely modelled figures, are a triumph of art, every individual figure being a picture in itself. If it be true that

"In every stage

By toys our fancy is beguiled,"

there is certainly sufficient variety of that article at Whaite's to suit all ages of the human imagination, and beguile even the most fastidious from his cradle to his final exit.

PLAYBILLS.

MR. JACKDAW,—"Playbill" has hit the right nail on the head, in complaining of the hideousness of our present playbills. Many persons have great pleasure in keeping their playbills, as a white stone amidst the monotony and disappointments of life. When the flimsy, yard-long, lamp-black playbills, which were doubtless necessary during the candle and oil lamp lighted playhouses of our forefathers, came to an end some few years back, and were replaced by a neat-printed, good-paper one in lieu thereof, every true lover of the theatre was pleased, as they were pleasanter to look at, cleaner to handle, easier to refer to, and better to keep; but the joy was short-lived. At first, there were facetiae relative to actors and theatres, next came the intruding advertisements, wherein the caste of the piece is of a second or third-rate consideration. If it be necessary to make the bill pay, at one penny each, and there must be advertisements, let a neat bill, note paper size, say about nine inches by six, so as to be easy for reference and to keep, the caste of the plays on the first pages, the advertisements afterwards; and not as at present, a monstrosity of about a foot square, and the caste in the centre, surrounded by corn solvents and surgical instruments advertisements, &c., of "Brown, Jones, and Robinson" (which, I opine, stands as a meaning for English, Welsh, and Scotch—is not this another injustice to Ireland? Why not add "O'Callaghan" and thus make it a quartett instead of a trio?). I have before me such a bill, on the third page of which is *Comedy of Errors*, but neither day, month, year, nor theatre to be played at. Even on the front page there is but Dec. 1st, no year; why not say 1 Dec., 1879, giving in due order day, month, and year, and not in cart-before-horse wise—month and day, entirely ignoring the year? Again, I have before me a playbill of *Sardanapalus*, when the late lamented Chas. Calvert took that character (what year?), the dating is: "Saturday, March 31st, Easter Monday," but no year, which I at the time forgot to add; true, I might get the year, by searching a file of newspapers, or referring to the admirably arranged file of old playbills at the Reference Library, but, when needing the year in a hurry, it is not always convenient nor opportune to do so; I submit it is a great oversight, in nine cases out of ten to omit the year; if we cannot have this done, do away with, at all events, the Paul Pry advertisements, and let advertisers learn how, when, and where to advertise, or, as the readiest and easiest mode to get a playbill of something like a decent size—play-goers and playbill preservers will be driven to buy a newspaper in place of the present advertisement sheet which is misnamed a

PLAYBILL.

ARONSBURG'S "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES

ONLY TO BE HAD AT 12, VICTORIA STREET, AND 109, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

ANA.

WOMAN—AN ENIGMA.

"A woman, though my head and tail are both of them the same;
And still, both head and tail cut off, I bear a woman's name.
You may turn me topsy-turvy, but the change will nought avail—
A woman, whether taken by the head or by the tail.
But when you cut my head off, should my tail escape the shears,
Metamorphosed to a man then, the woman disappears."

A Cambridge correspondent of "Notes and Queries" (April 30, p. 429) thus solved the riddle:—

"If M and M be head and tail, then MADAM will agree.
If head and tail be both cut off, still ADA's name I see.
The topsy-turvy turning will nought certainly avail;
For MADAM forward-backward read, she's woman without fail.
Cut off her head, and let the tail escape the docking shears,
We've ADAM; but A DAM denies that woman disappears—
Or feminine, at any rate, if our fastidious ears
Refuse to womankind the name, though given in olden years."

BOIL IT DOWN.—It is not often that we print poetry, but the following verses contain such good advice, to writers for the press and others, that we transfer them to our columns for the benefit of our readers and ourselves. No editor likes to print very long articles; no reader likes to read them; and correspondents will do well to take the advice of our poet, and be brief. Condense and re-condense your copy; write with ink; state your inquiries briefly; communicate what you have to say without a prolix preface stating the great length of time you have been a subscriber, how greatly you prize the paper, etc., but come right to the point and state your wishes tersely. We are glad to receive suggestions, answer inquiries, and give written opinions on the patentability of any invention, and to publish correspondence on any subjects of interest which are appropriate to our paper.

"Whatever you may have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense it as much as ever you can;
Say it in the readiest way;
And whether you write of household affairs
Or particular things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice:
Boil it down!

"For if you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through.
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down!

"When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over once more, and then
Boil it down!"

Scientific American, 15 Jan., 1876.

SHAKSPEARE A CONSTABLE.—Mr. Blades' conjecture that Shakspeare was a printer, and other people's inferences that he was a doctor, sailor, lawyer, and a score of other things, has led an ingenious and humorous correspondent to the assertion of his belief that the great poet was for a time a constable. He writes:—"I have long since satisfied myself that the immortal bard must have been for a considerable time a member of the police force. It is difficult to conceive that his deep knowledge of human nature could have been otherwise acquired; but, letting that pass, I contend that it is hardly possible to open a volume of his plays at a page where there is no evidence of the truth of my conviction. There is a tenderness in his language whenever he refers to the cook; and yet he appears to have had little differences, for in *Much Ado About Nothing* (1-3), we find him exclaiming—

'Would the cook were of my mind!'

Who, but a Shakspeare, and a Shakspeare bred up in the force, could have hit off the policeman in half-a-dozen words, as we find him described further on in the same play (5-1).

'This learned constable is too cunning to be understood.'

But I must not trespass on your space. I will only ask you to allow me to quote two lines from 'Henry VIII.' which are conclusive. In Act I., sc. 2, we are informed that:—

'The Duke of Buckingham is run in;'

and, as though the poet wished there should be no quibbling about his calling, he tells us—Act v., sc. 3:—

'Good master porter, I belong to the larder.'

Sir, I consider that comment is not necessary."

MEM. FOR LORD BEACONSFIELD.—Passing along the street the other evening we heard a little girl sobbing bitterly. Inquiring the cause of her grief, she pointed to a little boy over the street, whom she explained was her brother. He had been trying to take her clogs off her feet. They had only one pair between them. The children were about eight to ten years of age. This in the middle of December, and still the noble earl does not think the people are suffering from distress.

CONCERNING "ANA."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

SIR,—What is a pedant? "One who affects to appear learned," says the dictionary. This being so, I am unable to perceive any sense in the observation of "Felix Leo" in your last number, where he refers, in anything but courteous terms, to "your correspondent Ana, who seems to delight in pedantic silliness." Through the kindness of a Manchester correspondent, I have seen the *Jackdaw* regularly for some months past, and I have been struck by the "Ana" column, as evincing a large and varied acquaintance with English literature. I consider that Mr. Ana (whoever he may be) is one of your most useful contributors. Some gentleman who also writes for your columns would appear to have an animus against him, which I consider anything but dignified in a brother writer for the press. Why should he carp, as he did some weeks ago, at the use of the term "Ana?" One *men's* fault is better than a dozen *find* faults. A writer is surely at liberty to adopt the heading for his contributions which he deems most suitable. As well might your aggrieved correspondent assail somebody on account of the *nom de plume* he has chosen to adopt.

I contend that the attack that has been made on Mr. Ana is quite unjustifiable. He must be a good-tempered fellow, or he would have thrown up his task in disgust. I congratulate him heartily that he has held his own so boldly, and am proud to witness his persistent use of a term which he has thought well to employ.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

Birmingham, Dec. 12, 1879.

T. G. J.

"THE WORLD has been endowed with one of the greatest blessings in the manufacture of Macniven and Cameron's excellent Pens."—*Reading Herald.*

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"To Mr. Denton."

"Mr. Denton."

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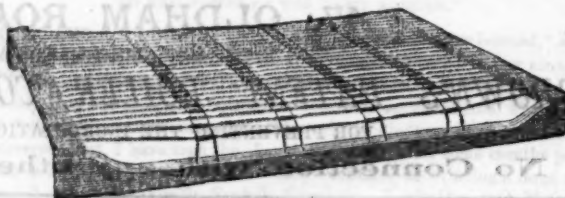
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